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EULOGY,

Delivered in the Chapel of

BROWN UNIVERSITY,

ON

MR. HENRY SMITH, *Nephew of E. A. M.*

Member of the Senior Class, who died, December 28, 1820.

BY GEORGE R. RUSSELL,

Classmate of the Deceased.

Omnes eodem cogimur: omnium
Versatur urna, serius, oculus
Sors exitura. *Her.*

PROVIDENCE,

Printed by Miller & Hutchens, No. 1, Market-Square.

1821.

MR. RUSSELL,

Sir—As a Committee from the Senior Class, we present you their most sincere thanks, for your appropriate and sympathetic Eulogy on our late Classmate, and again request a copy for the press, hoping, though you have declined to grant a copy, that, upon farther deliberation, you will comply with the reiterated solicitations of the Class, and gratify the wishes of the afflicted family of the deceased.

Most respectfully yours, &c.

LEVI HAILE,
AMOS BINNEY,
DANIEL FISHER.

Brown University, March 25, 1821.

GENTLEMEN,

Personal feelings prompted me to give a refusal to your request. My inadequate services were amply rewarded by the approbation of my Classmates; and, although *their* appointment might consequently imply a *right* to its results, I hoped that the imperfection of the performance would plead an excuse for my denial. But your renewed solicitations, accompanied with the wishes of the afflicted family of the deceased, have induced me to accept the advice of friends, and, reluctantly, to hand you a copy of a production little calculated to pass the eye of the critic.

I am, gentlemen, with respect, &c.

GEORGE R. RUSSELL.

MESSRS LEVI HAILE,
AMOS BINNEY,
DANIEL FISHER.

Brown University, March 28, 1821.

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TO THE AFFLICTED

MOTHER AND RELATIVES

OF

MR. HENRY SMITH,

THIS FEEBLE TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

By their Humble Servant,

GEORGE R. RUSSELL.

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EULOGY.

When the grave has closed over a respected and dearly beloved friend, and the first effect of grief, that attended his departure, is tranquilized, it is with mournful satisfaction, we call his character to remembrance, and check the falling tear, by reflecting on the virtues with which it was adorned and dignified. With melancholy pleasure, we dwell on the hours we passed in his society; on the talents, which acquired our esteem; and on the amiable qualities, which endeared him to us. The thought that he is happy, affords us consolation; and while we lisp his name with veneration, and feel that one of the strongest links which bind us here below, is severed, we calm our broken spirits, with the hope, that he has left us for a place, where sorrow ceases, and where the vexatious troubles of the world cannot molest him.

The man, whose publick services have rendered his name illustrious, and whose active exertions for the welfare of his country have entitled him to its gratitude and admiration, may afford an ample theme for panegyrick. The private individual, who has revealed to few the emotions of his heart, who has kept within himself those qualities which draw respect and love, who, to the world, has apparently been wrapt in apathy, and whose cold exterior does not disclose the generous fire which burns within him, may present extensive subject of encomium, to those who knew and cherished him. For they may then expose the tender sensibility and deep feelings of affection, which dwelt in the breast of the departed, and of which, those, who were but slightly connected with him, had not even dreamt. They may

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show, that he, who passed through the world, seemingly heedless of its frowns or caresses, still felt them deeply; that he had a soul which harboured all the finer feelings of humanity, and that his distant manner covered virtues, well worthy the pen of the eulogist. Thus, attention may be excited by novelty, and the interest of an audience be engaged, by the enumeration of the virtues of one, of which they were before ignorant. But, arduous is the task and hazardous the attempt, to eulogize a character, which is well known to those whom the speaker is addressing, when they feel that every truth he utters, was before familiar to them. And feeble must the sketch appear to those who have beheld the brilliant original.

We have met together, to mourn the loss of a respected fellow-student, of an esteemed and beloved companion. Of one whose distinguished talents commanded our highest regard, and whose open and generous disposition acquired our love and admiration. The day of his life had but dawned, when the slow yet sure precursor of death, seized upon his slender frame. No power could compel the unerring minister to relax his grasp; the tender care, and mournful anxiety of a parent could not avail; the sympathy of friendship was in vain; and earthly skill and science could not crush his stern inveteracy.

In the innumerable ways, in which death visits mankind, there is none more trying to the heart, or which requires a greater share of fortitude, than that which attacked our lamented Smith. It is a scourge, which clothes our land in continual mourning, and sweeps from it its pride and ornament. Youth, beauty and genius seem its peculiar victims. The gay votary of the world pursues the unvaried course of dissipation, little suspecting, while surrounded by taste and fashion, that the destroyer lurks within him; that soon, the rose which blossoms on his cheek, will be exchanged for the hectic flush, and the eye, which sparkles most when nearest to the grave, denote that his period of existence is fast closing. For the monster comes in secresy, while the bloom is yet upon the countenance, and the flash of merriment brightens the features. He creeps into the warm

current of life, unnerves the strength of manhood, and blights the dazzling parade of grace and elegance.

The student consumes the day with laborious application, and suffers the hour of midnight to find him, still bending over the page of science. Deluded man ! Does not experience tell him, that it is a fearful thing to plunge into the mysteries of wisdom ; that the price, which must be paid for the lost hour of rest, is terrible ; and that there is a barrier to literary eminence, which few can pass ? Already does the emaciated form, the wan and sunken countenance, and the thin bloodless lip, proclaim, that the silent enemy has visited him ; that the lamp, which lights him to his doom, must shortly be extinguished, and the eye, which seeks to penetrate the recesses of philosophy, be glazed with death. Why does he pursue, so ardently, a road that has no end, and, in which, although he may advance beyond the farthest limits, that have as yet bounded the researches of the human mind, still there will be before him an immeasurable distance. He should know, that it is suicide, thus to abuse the powers which God has given him ; and should be content with the acquisition of that share of knowledge, which lies within his strength.

Among the variety of diseases to which the human form is incident, it is this, which calls most for energy and courage.

In battle, man may view the mangled heaps of his fellow-beings, may see the mutilated wretch writhing in agony, may hear the groan which marks protracted suffering ; and yet meet death with unconcern. For in that hour, when the blood boils with madness, and the soul is wrapt in fire, the love of country, the thirst for military fame, the disgrace and infamy which attend the recreant, and the blaze of glory, which flashes from the crimsoned couch of the hero, all combine to render it indifferent.

In the pestilence, which hurls its victim to eternity, before the quivering lip can confess the pangs, which rend the convulsed and bloated frame ; in the delirium of fever, when the burning brow throbs with anguish, and the wild, glaring eye, knows not on whom it gazes ; the sufferer sinks comparatively happy. For he sees not the affliction of those, who watch his dying agonies.

But in the slow, deadly consumption, when he sees that he is sinking, gasp, by gasp; when each successive day finds him still more debilitated; when the solicitous inquiries of alarmed connexions, continually torture and harass him; when he feels, that he is gradually leaving them, and that all his brightning prospects, his plans for future eminence, and his hopes of earthly happiness are soon to be buried in the sleep of death; Oh it well requires such fortitude, as the noble Smith possessed, to meet this host of painful circumstances!

In a thousand shapes, and on all animated beings, does the angel of dissolution exercise his irresistible dominion. Decrepitude and infancy are alike his subjects. At his approach, the prattling child falls from the breast of the mother, and the hoary-headed veteran drops from his crutches. Youth, blooming youth, is not exempt from his unrelenting mandate; but, in the morning of existence, it comes; when all is sunshine, when the heavens beam pleasantness, and the world is strewn with flowers, when the miseries of life appear the fabled offspring of the misanthrope, and when treachery, ingratitude, and the long list of vice, which degrade the image of the Deity, seem visionary tales, wrung in a dark hour, from the gloomy, soured ascetic.

It is a blessed period in the age of man, when he can look without suspicion on his fellow-mortals, before experience has revealed their frailties, or disappointment made him loathe their society; when earth appears a lovely paradise, crowded with cheerful hopes and flattering prospects; when the wreath of honour and immortality seems of easy acquisition, and all nature offers inexhaustible resources of enjoyment. Alas, that, in the midst of this enchanting dream, he should be hurried to the tomb; that when surrounded by all that is affectionate and friendly, by all that makes life dear to him, he should receive the dreadful summons; that when he scarce has lived, he should be called upon to die.

The man, whose silver hairs and bended form announce the extremity of age, may view, with calm serenity, the approach of the destroyer. If his life has been a life of virtue, if he fears not to appear at the judgment seat of his Maker, can he wish to linger in this

poor world, where all are strangers to him? can he wish to protract those years, which will bring him no return of happiness, when, alone and unfriended, he totters with infirmity, and looks in vain for joy or consolation? No! Death is a kind deliverer. The bonds, which hold the human mind to earth, with him, are broken; the voice of affection has long been sunk in silence; and those, with whom his heart once beat with love and sympathy, have mouldered in the grave. He stands like an aged tree, from whose trunk, time has successively rent the withered branches. Society can have no charms for him: the cheerfulness of youth reminds him of his loss, and the feelings of kindness, which others interchange, show him his own dreary and desolate condition. The beauties of nature may unfold themselves before him; the bird may carol, the floweret may blossom, but to him the earth is a wide deserted waste; it covers the companions of his youth, it hides the friends of his bosom. One by one, they have left him, and he has moistened their burial turf with the tear of anguish. To him, the grave is a welcome home; it offers his grey head eternal rest; it tells him, that there, all trouble ceases; that the follies of the world must stop at its threshold; that there, ambition, vanity, power and beauty, all find a resting place; that the monarch and the vassal, the master and the slave, the christian and the infidel, the noble-minded, the debased, the brave and the fearful, must all become its inhabitants.

But, how different the case, when the grim tyrant calls on one, who is wrapt in all the endearing ties, which can bind the young and virtuous heart to existence? When the victim, stretched in the last pangs of a protracted illness, beholds the expressive sorrow of surrounding friends; finds his least want anticipated, and all the tender assiduities, which a hoping parent can bestow, offered to alleviate distress. It must be agonizing, to have the pillow of the death-bed smoothed by those, who would willingly repose on it; to hear the half-stifled groan, which tells him that his loss will make them wretched; to see the deep affliction of those who are dearest to his heart; and to feel the trembling hand of affection, wiping the cold death-dew from the

forehead ; to know, that the stroke, which ushers him to eternity, is to overwhelm with grief all that he most loves, is to destroy the hopes, upon which their happiness is founded, and burden their remaining years of life, with bitter sorrow and lamentation.

Our departed Smith was young and virtuous. He was the hope of a fond mother, and the pride of an extensive circle of affectionate relatives. In the long, tedious sickness, which preceded his decease, no complaint escaped him, which could show the anguish of his mind, at the idea that he was soon to abandon them. He concealed within himself every thing which he thought might add to their affliction. For a time, he did not disclose the symptoms, which he feared foretold a fatal termination, but endeavoured to impress the belief upon his friends that he should soon recover. Delusive hope ! The hand of death was upon him. His increased debility constrained him to relinquish his classical pursuits, and retire to his family. But it was too late ; no earthly power could save him, for the bloom of health had fled from his cheek for ever. He lingered until the commencement of our last collegiate vacation. He then saw his companions, joyfully throw off the restraints and privations, necessarily attendant on academic retirement ; and, bounding in the elasticity of health and vigour, about to seek a temporary repose, in the bosom of family and friends. He turned to himself. Oh, what a fearful change, a few short months had wrought on him. The hopes, the spirit, the flush of youth had departed. Feeble, emaciated and broken, he knew, that his long home was soon to welcome him ; he knew, that he had heard the last farewell of those who loved him ; that when *they* again returned, his ears would be deaf to their inquiries ; his eyelids would be sealed ; the shroud would enwrap his worn and wasted form. He knew, that the hope of a family was sinking ; that the widowed mother was about to lose her only child. Yet he repined not. The will of heaven was, with him, too sacred to meet with reprehension ; he bowed, with patience and humility, to the impending blow ; he feared not to resign his soul to the justice of his God. The night of that day on which his fellow-students left him, the noble-hearted Smith expired.

How useful, how instructive, was his short career! From the time, when he tottered round the cradle, to the day which saw him extended on the hearse, his life was one continued scene of virtue and morality.

The days of his boyhood were characterized with qualities, which seldom attend that age of vivacity. The amusements, in which he cheerfully partook, were never marred with altercation; for his mildness checked the burst of passion in his youthful comrades, and his manly conduct acquired their esteem and veneration. They assiduously courted his approbation, and regarded him as a pattern of excellence, which it should be their pride to imitate.

To those, who were acquainted with him, when he was verging on manhood, it may be useless to mention his virtues or his talents, for they must already be well known.

The God of nature had given him a mind clear, energetic and penetrating, and with industrious application, he had strengthened it with sound knowledge, and embellished it with works of fancy. His manners were polished and free from affectation. His conversation was lively, interesting and instructive. Possessing distinguished talents, without pride, and genius, without its eccentricities, he rose, apparently with little exertion, above the reach of comparison. His suavity crushed all envious feelings, which could arise from his superiority; and those who could not equal, were obliged to love him. His disposition was mild, open and generous; anger never distorted his features, but the affable and refined feelings of his heart always beamed on his countenance. He was invulnerable to the allurements which vice employs, to seduce and bewilder youth, and with virtuous abhorrence, he scorned her blandishments, and despised her votaries.

In the relations of social life, he was kind, dutiful and attentive. In fact, every thing which constitutes the affectionate son and the faithful friend, the gentleman and the scholar, was combined in the character of Henry Smith.

The death of this accomplished, this amiable young man, should deeply impress all those who knew him. It is a melancholy instance, added to the many which

we constantly behold, of the instability of worldly happiness, and the uncertainty of human life. It is strange, that man, with such proofs always before him, should still continue the ceaseless search for power or opulence. But such is his nature. To-day, the conqueror waves the blood-stained sword, and the tyrant scourges his fellow-reptiles. But soon, the oppressed will find relief; the slave will have his hour of vengeance; for the guilty great must perish equally with those on whom they trample. Vain is all precaution.

“*Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.*”

The Gallic Monarch* could not bear to view the tombs of his ancestors, because they reminded him of his own mortality. He chose his place of residence, where the hated dome, which rose over their crumbling ruins, should not for ever preach to him, how trifling and ephemeral was his glory. He forbade the name of death to be mentioned in his presence; for he could not think, that he was made like the frail beings who fell around him. Mistaken mortal! Did he suppose, that his apprehensions would retard its march; that all his brilliant conquests could prolong his life a day, and that the leveller of human pride could not reach him, in his turretted mansion? He found, at last, that death knew no impediment. Many years have vanished since he mouldered with those, who flattered him with immortality.

It is a solemn thought, that in a few fleeting years, there will be not one remaining, of the busy myriads, which now throng this earth. Another generation, another race, will fill the places of the insects, who are fluttering after wealth and honour. The glory of the very nation, of which we are but particles, will depend on the historian. Our manners, our venerated customs, will become objects of mockery and ridicule; and we, who arrogate to ourselves, the perfection of elegance and urbanity, will be styled barbarians. Yes, when the grave-stone, which marks the place where we are sleeping, shall have fallen, and the little heap of earth,

* Louis the Fourteenth.

which rises over us, shall be levelled, the proud stranger will trample on our ashes, as careless, as indifferent, as we are, with regard to those, who lived the age before us. It is humbling to know, that we shall be forgotten; that those who mourn for us, soon must follow; and that others will occupy the stations, we now hold, who will be ignorant, that we ever existed.

Let him, who is tormented with ambition, visit the solitary grave-yard; let him wander amidst the lowly dwellings of the dead, and meditate upon the glory, which all his cares and vexations are to bring him. Will the honour of the world then appear to him, the grand aim of life, and will he leave that mournful place, eager for its plaudits? No! He will be humbled. For there, the passions must cool; the thirst of fame must vanish; man must lay aside all vain and idle speculations. It will tell him, that there, is no distinction; that the idiot sleeps as quietly as the philosopher, and the serf requires as much extent of ground as his crested master. Oh, it is melancholy to view the memorials, which chequer that lonely spot, and which affection has reared, to prolong, for a little time, the character of a friend or relative; to read their various inscriptions, denoting that infancy, youth and age are there assembled; and to behold the fresh-laid turf, which announces a new inhabitant; while on the adjoining tomb-stone, time has obliterated even the engraved letters, which were intended to perpetuate the name and actions of the poor mortal, who has decayed beneath it! This sad, yet interesting place, imparts consolation, which can no where else be found. Who, while lingering there, does not feel a religious hope thrill through his breast, and a contemptuous aversion for the foibles of the world! And who, on leaving it, does not resolve to act that part through life, which will enable him to revisit it with joy and safety?

Go, then, go to the spot, where the youthful Smith reposes. One glance at the little hillock will give you more instruction, than the volume of the moralist. It will tell you, that soon for *you*, will be performed the last solemnities of nature; that soon, the funeral procession will attend you to your narrow bed, and the cold turf arise over your pallid and senseless form. It will

remind you of the inestimable virtues of its possessor, and by exciting you to emulate them, will at last, prepare you to meet the dreaded foe, with his tranquillity and resignation.

With those, who have been bereaved of an affectionate relative, we sincerely sympathize. The ornament of their circle, the joy of their fireside, has been wrested from them, when the chain, which bound him to them, was the most strongly rivetted. But why should they lament? Why should the mother weep for her son, when God has taken him, when, with a heart free from depravity, he left this abode of wretchedness, to become an inmate of that happy country, where misery is a stranger; where the angel of death can never enter?

RESPECTED INSTRUCTORS,

To you, who watch, with parental care, over those who are intrusted to your nurture and instruction, painful must it be, to behold the blank, which death has made in our family. You must lament the loss of one, who has but recently enrolled himself under your protection, when you have not had time to learn his character or to appreciate his talents. But much greater must be your grief, when you are robbed of him, who, for a long time, has been your pupil in science, who has carefully received the treasures, which you have offered him, and has given fair promise of future brilliancy and usefulness.

You saw, with joy, the rising powers of the youthful Smith. You saw them, daily expanding under your direction, and hailed them as ornaments, which were to honour and adorn this Institution. You beheld him, about to enter on the world, enriched with knowledge and glowing with virtue. You knew, that while his superiour abilities would entitle him to the respect and attention of those, who reward and distinguish merit; that his generous character, his mild and endearing temper, would screen him from the sneer of malice or the detraction of envy; that he was calculated to rise in the estimation of all; that those, who saw, must be attached to him, and that any one, who knew, and yet could harbour feelings inimical to him, would be destitute of every thing, which characterizes the man and

the christian. But, no sooner was his mind matured, his understanding disciplined, and those qualities about to be shown to many, which hitherto had charmed and delighted a selected few, than he was taken from you, to the more immediate protection of his Heavenly Father. For if, as you have taught us, goodness is rewarded, if the worthy are recompensed for the actions they have done on earth, he has now taken his eternal residence, where worldly knowledge appears of little value; where more is disclosed, in one short moment, than can be reached, even from the proudest heights of human philosophy, but, where he still remembers those, whose wisdom and instruction, made the days of his existence happy, and the example and imitation of whose piety, enabled him to meet his God in peace.

CLASSMATES,

During our collegiate life, we have twice assembled in this place, to pay the last sad tribute of respect to a departed brother. We had scarcely formed our alliance, scarcely commenced our literary labours, when one* was taken from us. We had hoped, that death was then satisfied, and that we should not again be visited. We had hoped, that the tear of sorrow was suppressed, never again to burst forth; that the badge of grief was thrown aside, never to be resumed; that the few remaining days we were to spend together, would not be clouded with affliction; and that when the time of separation arrived, we should find our number undiminished. Heaven has otherwise ordained, and it is our duty, to bow to its wise decrees with submission.

We flattered ourselves, that time would check the disease, which attacked our beloved companion; that soon he would rejoin us, and again mingle in our studies and amusements. We had long been united, and we hoped that the friendship we had contracted in youth, would cheer and solace us in manhood; that, although we left him feeble and dejected, we should, when we returned, find him blooming in activity and beauty. With hopes, with promises like these, we, for a few weeks, separated.

We met again, in health, but not in gladness; there was one missing, and for him, we looked in vain. His

* Mr. Ezra Bailly, who died October 7th, 1818.

seat was empty ; his room was desolate ; the book of science lay on his shelf unopened. And where was the hand, whose cordial grasp had always bid us welcome ? Where was he, who was always first to greet us ? Why did he linger ? Had he forgotten those who were so dear to him ? Could the short period, we had been absent, estrange a heart so noble and so tender ? Alas ! The sun that rose on *our* return, gleamed on *his* grave ; that hand was cold and stiff ; that heart had ceased to beat. Was it not fiction ? Could it be, that he, who was our pride ; that he, whose wisdom charmed, and whose wit enlivened, was never more to gladden our social circle ? We found, that it was a sad reality.

He has departed, but he has left us an invaluable legacy.—It is the picture of his life ; the example of his virtues. We should receive it with veneration ; we should cherish it with lasting affection.

The hour, which is to sever the bond, which encircles us, is fast approaching. In a little time, we shall be scattered, and other scenes, and other attachments, will call for a share of our attention. But forgetfulness never shall rise on the sod, which covers the remains of our amiable classmate. Often shall reflection bring him to remembrance. Often shall the tear of sensibility flow, at the recollection of his manly, yet unassumed deportment ; of his dignified, yet artless simplicity.

Wherever fate shall hereafter disperse us ; in whatever situation it may place us, we will remember him ; we will keep him buried in our hearts ; we will endeavour to imitate his character. That at last, when all is finished ; when the dead are summoned, and the archangel's voice announces the day of retribution, we may arise, with joy and gratitude ; and in firm expectation of the reward of virtue, we may all meet together, a band of brothers, at the throne of the Almighty.

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